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**George Ford's comic
collection**

London

[18--]

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OCLC Number : 27599081

Call Number : W PN970.E5 GEORx

**Title : George Ford's comic collection of favourite songs, as sung
by G. Ford, at the various public places of amusement.**

Imprint : London : Pattie, [18--]

Format : [16] p. ; 20 cm.

Note : Cover title.

Note : Running title: New and favorite songs.

Note : Running title also appears as: New and favourite songs.

Note : Without music.

Note : Contents varies.

Subject : Chapbooks, English.

Added Entry : Ford, George.

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Film Size: 35mm microfilm

Image Placement: IIB

Reduction Ratio: 8:1

Date filming began: 8/2/94

Camera Operator: AL

Price One Penny.

GEORGE FORD'S COMIC COLLECTION.

Of Favourite Songs, as sung by G. Ford, at the various public places of Amusement,

CONTENTS.

Card Parties.—J, A. HARDWICK, sung by G. FORD

A Dream of the Times.—HARDWICK, sung by G. FORD.

The Dream of Jeremy Diddler.—HARDWICK sung by G. FORD.

Transmigration of Souls.—HARDWICK, sung by G. FORD.

A Row among the Statues.—Sung by G. Ford

Afloat on the Ocean
Answer to the Postman's Knock,
by L. M. Thornton
Angels of the House, the
Bob's Wild Oats
Believe me Love
Bridal Day, the, by T. Ramsay
Cottage Girl, by Hardwick
Do you really think she did?
England for the English, by Hard-
wick
England, Farewell, by Hardwick
Fair is the Rose
How to ask and have
I guess you'll be there
I wish I was Married, with the
Dialogue
I should like to Marry, by Labern
Jim Baggs the Musician, by Labern
Mild as the moon beams
Molly dear, I'm not myself at all

Nine men to make a Tailor
Oh, and he loved me dearly
Oh, charming May
Old Village Chimes, the, by Hard-
wick
Red Cross Banner, the
Swearing Death
Scarlet Flower, the
The Wishing Gate
The Postman's knock
The man in the Moon
The Marsaillaise Hymn
There's a path by the River
The Merry Days of Old
The Maids of Merry England
When I met thee first in Love
Without Sunshine there's no Hay
When the Sun has gone down
What's a' the Steer Kimmer!
Yesterday, to Day and to Morrow

LONDON—Pattie, 31, Paternoster Row E.C.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS

CARD PARTIES.

An Original Comic Song, Sung by Mr. G. Ford.
 A. Hardwick.
 Mrs. Dobby Birds.

This is very like the games with packs of cards
 to play,
 The' perhaps a pack of nonsense I'm dealing out
 you'll say;
 I'm not a fortune-teller for such arts (hearts) I've
 no regards
 But "make your game," now gentlemen while I
 deal out the cards."

CHORUS.

Mind how you **PLAY YOUR CARDS**, for you'll find
 where'er you go,
TO WIN BY TRICKS or HONOURS is the **GAME** with
HIGH and LOW.
 Young children play on "all fours," and pugilists
 at "all fives,"
 With "knave good hands," and running cards,
 the thief at "cribbage," thrives;
 At "hazard" plays the swindler, cut and shuffle
 is his aim,
 The sportsman "clears the pool," and with the
 "pack secures the game."
 In life's game of "speculation, artful cards" past
 dullards shoot,
 The lawyer, without **CHANCE, SIR, HE** (Chancery)
 can win at any suit;
 With the broker his "beggar my neighbour," he
HOLD THE CRIB and OUT HE WALKS,
 The milkmaa plays his cards to 'score the board,'
 and **WINS BY CHALKS.**
 In the game of "Matrimony," the **HIGH** for
HONOUR stick,
COURT CARDS, PLAY DIAMONDS 'GAINST HEARTS
 with many a shuffling trick;
 When tired of their "partners," the ladies leave
 their "hubs,"
 And console themselves with **DIAMONDS**, the
 gentlemen with **CLUBS.**
 In **John Bull's MATCH** with Russia his opponents
 he did trounce,
 The **GAME THEY PLAYED** with him was "put,"
FULL of BOUNCE;
 The "play it fluctuated," and he did "lose many
 a leg,"
 But with them as at "blind all fours," at last they
 had to "beg."
 Our soldiers are all trumps they can lead or follow
 suit,
 They're game the game to win from the General
 to recruit;
 And our tars they pegged away making holes the
 Czar did feel,
 The foe couldn't take Jacks knave he (navy) nor
 make him cut for Deal.
 Our living is like cards too rich people get high
 game,
 Continually while poor ones, always low, remain
 the same?
 But John Bull, whatever turns up is never in the
 dumps,
 The' he's no King of Court Cards his Queens the
 best of trumps.

Thus, the life's trumps rub till the ad-
 versary—fate
 Donkes to him the play the game with slowly
 ones and great
 We throw up our hands from the final the
 game it past
 We shake off the mortal coil and spades are
 trumps at last.
 Then mind how you play, &c.

A ROW AMONG THE STATUES,

An Original Comic Song, Sung by Mr. George
 Ford,
 Air—"Cuy Faux"

Strange things we see, sometimes at night while
 going home by moonlight (moonlight,
 And characters who dare to show themselves by
 Now I saw the London statues for profound
 deliberation (consultation.
 In Trafalgar Square all met one night, to hold a
CHORUS
 Oh, dear oh,
 There are more things in Heaven and earth than
 people know

They'd not collected long before they all began a
 quarrel, (were hurling,
 And as they did in the charges, at each other
 There being a dearth of water where they come
 from, most dismounting (cash fountain,
 With cop per hat soon emptied out the bason of

Kings Charles the 1st and 2nd they began the
 row each frowning
 Ssyy merry Charles, you died, and ne'er left
 me the world's crown in,
 Said Myrtar Charles, you'd never been alive man
 but for me sir, was up a tree sir.
 Cries the merry Monarch, it was thro' you if

Said George the 3rd to ditto 4th under odium still
 you rie sir, that's a lie sir,
 Says the first gentleman in Europe to his father
 I made fit z subjects everywhere that's more than
 you did one day, on a Monday
 And I didn't string the people up bydozens

The Duke of York and William IV. were snarling
 at each other.
 Said Clarence—"York, you're wanted—here's a
 creditor, dear brother."
 "Oh, I'll pay you," says the other. "But," cried
 William, "keep your distance,
 You talk of **PAYING ME, YOU NEVER DID IT IN
 EXISTENCE."**

Lord Nelson didn't seem to think much of the
 French alliance.
 And wished he was alive again to bid our foes
 defiance.
 Then he'd a message telegraph to every Admiral's
 station,
 To say, if he'd a daughter, not to **LEAVE HER TO
 THE NATION.**

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

DO YOU REALLY THINK SHE DID?

I WAITED till twilight, and yet she did not come,
I roam'd along the brook side, and slowly wandered home,
When you should come behind me, but her I should have chid,
She said she came to find me, do you really think she did?
Do you really, really think she did?
She said she came to meet me,
Do you really think she did?
She said when first she saw me, life seem'd to her divine,
Each night she dreamt of angels, and every face was mine,
Sometimes a voice in sleeping, would all her hopes forbid,
And then she'd waken weeping, do you really think she did?
Do you really, really think she did?
She said she'd waken weeping,
Do you really think she did?
She said since last we parted, she thought of me as sweet
As of this very moment, that we should meet,
She said where half a cottage homely she had shaded,
She said for me she had made it, do you really think she did?
Do you really, really think she did?
She said for me she made it,
Do you really think she did?

YESTERDAY TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Words and music by Charles Mackay.
Musical Treasury 381-2.

The breath of morn the opening Rose,
The sun that shines above,
The happy birds that soar and sing,
The lips that whisper love,
Old yesterday, though he be dead,
Took none of these away,
He could not steal them if he tried,
But left them for to-day.
To-day shall not exhaust the gifts,
He's liberal in his turn,
But when he dies shall ice not freeze
And true affection burn,
But dark to-morrow let him come,
We'll face him as we may,
We'll change his name, but not his heart,
And greet him as to-day.

ENGLAND FOR THE ENGLISH.

Sung by Mr. J. H. Cave. J. A. Hardwick.

(Music at White's, Oxford St.)

Eight hundred years are nearly o'er,
Since a foe invaded England's shore;
And Freedom's flag still here unfurled,
In the only free land of the world.

Protests the right, defies the wrong,
Can succour the weak, and punish the strong;
And no invading foreign horde
Shall o'er land or Albion's sea-board.

For England for the English,
Old England for the English;
We'll aid the distressed—tyrant—oppressed,
But England for the English!

Shall we transmit the brand of shame,
To our sons, that we submitted to?
To foreign aggression, of church or state?
No!—we spurn their power, and scorn their hate.
We hardy Islanders can hold,
With hands as strong, and hearts as bold
Our arm, as when, with victories,
Great Blake, or Nelson swept the seas.

England for the English,
Old England for the English;
We'll aid the distressed—despot—oppressed,
But England for the English!

Let them seek our land, as guests, who will,
Of all creeds, We'll protect them still;
But alien masters we've never obeyed,
Nor will we be, by them betrayed,
And our rulers must, with sword or pen,
Act like, as well as be Englishmen;
For the British Lion watch he keepeth,
He is not dead, but only sleepeth,
So England for the English,
Old England for the English;
Spite of War's alarms—and Europe in arms,
Let's keep England for the English.

THE WISHING-GATE.

'Twas a Michaelmas eve, and rather late,
Young Fanny went out to the Wishing-gate;
For often she'd heard the gossips talk
That was the spot where the fairies dwell;
The fairies who granted to maidens dear,
Whatever they asked at that time of year;
So Fanny she went,—her luck to try
At the wishing-gate 'neath the starlight sky,
But yet you shall hear, when the tale I state,
That young Fanny repented the Wishing-gate.

"I wish for"—"I wish for,"—and there she sighed.

"I wish I had a carriage, and grooms beside,
I wish I had jewels—a wardrobe fine—
Oh! What a dash at the ball I'd shine!
I'd marry the richest in all the land,
And nobles and princes should ask my hand;—
And as to young Harry—but never mind—
He must think himself happy to ride behind.
Oh! little she knew, tho' the truth I state,
Young Harry stood close to the Wishing-gate.

When Fanny went home, as the story's told,
She had heaps of fine dresses and fairy gold;
Her footmen awaited their lady's call,
And she went in her carriage to grace the ball;
Young Harry was there but he knew her not,
Each youth that approach'd her soon fled from the spot;

For though all her raiment was rich and gay,
Her face was bewrinkled, her hair turned grey;
So maidens beware of poor Harry's fate,
Don't ask for too much at the wishing-gate.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

SAY "YES," PUSSY.

Music published by Jullien and Co.

She sat close by his side,
His face with fear was wan,
He could not, though he tried,
Propose—that timid man,
He moved uneasy in his seat,
She asked him, was he ill?
He only shuffled with his feet,
His bosom's pain to still.

"Yes, no—no, yes—not very well,"
He said with a ghostly smile.
"But oh, I dare not, dare not tell
What ails me all this while.
I've very often tried to say,
Think of me if you can—
I hope I am not in the way;"
He was a timid man.

A favorite Tabby lay
Upon the lady's lap,
All in her own sleek way,
Taking a quiet nap.
"Oh, puss," she thought, "I wish you'd tell
All that he wants to know;
I really like him very well,
But must not tell him so."

"I'm sure you are very, very kind,"
She slowly thus began,
"But I—but I've made up my mind
Never to think of man.
I never can consent to change—
You should have asked before—
At least—that is—'tis very strange—
I cannot tell you more."

He gave all up for lost,
Took up his hat to fly,
But ere the room he'd cross'd
He heard a gentle sigh.
With beating heart he turned him round,
Then hit upon this plan:
His eyes were cast upon the ground—
He was a timid man.

"Oh, pussy cat," said he,
"Were I to ask her now,
D'ye think your mistress would have me—
Would listen to my vow?"
Aloud his thoughts he trembling spoke,
Then paused to hear his doom—
"Say yes, pussy—say yes, pussy,"
The lady answer'd soon.

LOOK ALWAYS ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

Look always on the sunny side—
'Tis wise and better far,
And safer thro' life's cares to guide
Beneath hope's beaming star.
The springs of rosy laughter lie—
Close by the well of fears;
Yet why should merry fancies die,
Drown'd in a flood of tears?

Look always on, &c.

Look always on the sunny side—
The guiltless bosom can!
Nor tremble 'neath life's roughest ride,
It is not worthy man.
Why should the heart, with vain regret,
Break joy's enchanting spell?
Tho' age become, love lingers yet,
In ev'ry flowery dell.

Look always on, &c.

Look always on the sunny side—
Earth's not forlorn or drear;
Hope ever be thro' life our guide,
My friends, nor shadows fear.
The clouds around the setting sun
Add glory to the skies—
Thus, shadows round us darkly hung,
Make brighter days arise.

Look always on, &c.

THE BOY IN BLUE.

Cheer up, cheer up, my mother dear,
Oh, why do you sit and weep?
Do you think that He who guards me here
Forsakes me on the deep?
Let hope and faith illumine the glance,
That sees the bark set sail;
Look, look at her now and see her dance,
Oh, why do you turn so pale?
'Tis an English ship and an English crew,
So mother be proud of your boy in blue.

Oh, wonder not, that next to thee,
I love the galloping wave,
'Tis the first of courser's wild and free,
And only carries the brave;
It has borne me nigh to the dark lee shore,
But we struggled heart and hand,
And a fight with the sea in its angry roar,
Shames all your strife on land.
The storm was long but it found me true,
So mother be proud of your boy in blue.

And if the breakers kill our ship,
And your boy goes down in the foam,
Be sure the last breath on his lip—
Is a prayer for those at home.
But come, cheer up, methinks I heard—
A voice in the anchor-chain,
That whispered like a fairy bird—
"The bark will come again."
God bless you mother; adieu, adieu!
But never weep for your boy in blue.

WHAT IS LOVE?

What is love? you ask fair creature,
Mark the note of ev'ry sigh,
Mark the glow of every feature,
Mark the maddening melting eye—
Restless, trembling, blest, uneasy
As the youth beside thee sits.
Views thy smiles, now pleased, now
Calm by turns, and wild by fits.
Ask the voice that sweetly falters,
Ask the ardent thrilling squeeze;
Ask the countenance that alters;
Smiles that melt and frowns that
What is love?

What is love you

5
NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

**WITHOUT SUNSHINE THERE'S
NO HAY.**

A fond youth long did sigh for a damsel whose eye
Like the stars in the heavens did shine;
So one Valentine's day, he found courage to say,
Wilt thou, dearest maiden, be mine?
But this maiden so coy, she called him a boy,
And her heart she refused to resign,
Till of years half a score, at least, if not more,
Prov'd that patience with love he'd combine,
Now the ten years were passed, and the lady was
asked
By her lover, once more, to comply,
But of beaux she'd so many, she could not find
any
To choose—so she said,—by and by!
Thus she flirted all day as the years passed away,
Till one morning her lover appeared,
With—sad to relate—not a hair on his pate,
And as white as the snow was his beard.
Then she cried,—dearest youth, I'm convinced of
your truth,
I'll accept, if you'll not think me bold!
But her old lover said, with a shake of the head,
Don't you think, miss, we're rather too old?
So young maidens take care, of flirting beware,
Nor turn from a true heart away,
Lest repenting too late, as the old proverbs state,
Without sunshine you'll find there's no hay.

I GUESS YOU'LL BE THERE.

When the sun has gone down like a king to his
rest,
In the bright palace-halls of the far golden west;
When his last fading beams seem to smile an adieu
To the flowers all bending and trembling with dew,
I've a secret to whisper alone in your ear,
So pure that a spirit might linger to hear;
By the lone willow-brook—but I shall not say
where,
For I guess you'll remember, and sure to be there.
When the pale stars so mystic and holy arise,
In the silence of eve, in the deep azure skies;
When the glens all lie hush'd, and the world, love,
is still,
And the silvery moon is peeping just over your hill—
Then remember your promise the last time we
met;
Ah, sure now, dear Katty, you will not forget,
By the lone willow-brook—but I need not say
where,
For I guess you'll remember, and sure to be there.
If perchance, as you know, love, there's many a
slip—
At least, so I've heard say—'twixt the cup and the
lip—
Dear old grandame objects, in a very grave tone,
To young ladies wand'ring by moonlight alone.
Faith, I hope that her lecture, as usual, will close,
By the dear old soul falling into a sweet doze;
Then I'm guessing, dear Katty, with step light as
air,
You'll be taking French leave, and you'll surely
be there.

HOW TO ASK AND HAVE.

"Oh, 'tis time I should talk to your mother,
sweet Mary," says I,
"Oh, don't talk to my mother," says Mary, be-
ginning to cry;
"For my mother says men are deceivers, an
never, I know will consent
She says, girls in a hurry who marry, at leisure
repent."
"Then suppose I should talk to your father, sweet
Mary," says I,
"Oh, don't talk to my father," says Mary, begin-
ning to cry;
"For my father he loves me so dearly, he'll never
consent I should go;
If you talk to my father, says Mary, he'll surely
say, No!"
"Oh, then how shall I get you, my jewel sweet
Mary?" says I,
If your father and mother's so cruel, most surely
I'll die."
"Oh, never say die, dear, says Mary, a way now
to save you I see:
Since my parents are both so contrary, you'd bet-
ter ask me."

THE SCARLET FLOWER!

She's sportive as the zephyr
That sips of every sweet,
She's fairer than the fairest lily
In nature's soft retreat;
Her eyes are like the crystal brook.
As clear and bright to see;
Her lips outshine the scarlet flow'r
Of bonny Ellerslie.
Her lips, &c.

O, were my love a blossom
When summer skies depa
I'd plant her in my bosom,
And wear her near my h
And oft I'd kiss her balmy
So beautiful to see,
Which far outshine thes
Of bonny Ellerslie.
hich far, &c.

BELIEVE ME LOVE.

Believe me, love, believe me,
I never will deceive thee—
Shall never cause thy tears to flow,
Shall never deal deception's blow,
Shall never, never prove thy foe—
Believe me, love, believe me.

Then meet me, dearest, meet me,
And with a sweet smile greet me;
Oh, meet me in yon flow'ry grove,
And, as we through its mazes rove
I'll whisper soft my tale of love—
Then meet me, dearest, meet me.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory,
Hark, hark! what myriads bid you rise,
Your children, wives, and grandfathers hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries,
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruin ban,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

To arms, to arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword on health!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved,
On victory or death!

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treach'rous kings confed'rate raise,
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze,
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crime and blood his hands imbuing,
To arms, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbou'ded,
To oppress and rend the light and air,
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods, would bid their slaves adore,
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms, &c.

Oh, Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms, &c.

THERE'S A PATH BY THE RIVER.

There's a path by the river, o'er shadowed by trees,
Where people may walk and may talk if they please,
And save by a bird, not a sound can be heard,
So do not come there, if you please,
So do not come there, if you please,
Feel that I'm lonely, my mind's ill at ease,
I'm sure it would mend me to feel the soft breeze,
As it plays on the shore, at the hour of four,
So mind you don't come if you please,
So mind you don't come if you please,
There's a path, &c.

Yet, if others should like to enjoy the fresh breeze,
Some who feel like myself that the mind's ill at ease;
If yourself you should go, I can't help it you know,
You've a right to walk there if you please;

If you please, you've a right to walk there if you please.

There's a hive near the walk, and I'm frightened of bees,
The gipsies might rob and the urdians might graze
And really, I fear, quite alone to appear,
So I think you may come, if you please,
Yes, this once, you may come, if you please,
There's a path, &c.

WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER?

What's a' the steer, kimmer, what's a' the steer?
Jamie's landed, and soon he will be here;
Gae lace your boddice blue, lassie, lace your boddice blue,
Put on your Sunday dress and trim your cap and w,
For I'm right glad o' heart, kimmer, right glad o' heart,
I hae a bonny breast knot, and for his sake, I'll wear it.

Sin' Jamie has come hame, I hae no cause to fear;
Bid the neebours all come down and welcome
Jamie here, For I'm right glad, &c.

Where's Robb and Todd, lassie? run and fetch him here,
Bid him bring his pipes, lassie, bid him tune 'em clear;
For we'll taste the barley mow, and we'll foot it to and fro,

Sin' Jamie has come hame we'll gie him hearty cheer.

What's a' the steer, kimmer, what's a' the steer?
Jamie he's landed, and soon he will be here;
Bid Allen Ramsey run, bid him kill the fatted deer,
Oh, the neebours little ken how we'll welcome
Jamie here, What's a' the steer? &c.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelton's banks are bonnie,
Where early falls the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie,
Gave me her promise true—
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
But for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and die.

Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest,
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on—
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for my bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and die.

Like dew on the Gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet—
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'll lay me down and die.

The Cottage and Mill.

Have you seen the new cottage, just built
 By the squire?
 And is it not all a fond heart can desire?
 With its pretty white gate, which half open
 doth stand,
 And the clustering roses seem courting
 your hand,
 In its garden so trim, that you cannot but
 stay
 To gather the freshness, and bear them
 away.
 Yes! often I stroll to the church on the
 hill,
 Where I viewed the old cottage, and old
 water-mill.
 Yes! there it was, once, stood the old
 water-mill,
 And through the green meadows there
 rippled the rill,
 And welcome were we in the good miller's
 time,
 When the mill and its master were both
 in their prime;
 And oft as we joined in the gay rustic
 throng,
 Have we chorussed the laugh, as we chor-
 rused the song;
 But now, as I stroll to the church on the
 hill,
 I view but the ruins of cottage and mill.
 Our friend has departed, the mill has de-
 cayed,
 And Time, I confess, has some sad changes
 made;
 But time, as we know, like the mill goeth
 round:
 New faces smile kindly, with hearts full
 and round,
 Yet fancy still echoes the merry click-clack
 When neither the mill nor its labour was
 slack,
 As I ramble, in thought, to the church on
 the hill,
 Where I viewed the old cottage, and old
 water-mill.

I Guess You'll be There.

When the sun has gone down, like a king
 to his rest,
 In the bright palace-halls of the far
 golden west;
 When his last fading beams seem to smile
 an adieu, [with dew,—
 To the flowers all bending and trembling,

I've a secret to whisper alone in your ear,
 So pure, that a spirit might linger to hear,
 By the lone willow brook—but I shall not
 say where,
 For I guess you'll remember, and sure to
 be there.

When the pale stars so mystic and holy
 arise,
 In the silence of eve, in the deep azure
 skies.

When the glens all lie hush'd, and the
 world, love, is still,
 And the sly moon is peeping just over
 yon hill,—

Then remember your promise, the last
 time we met:

Ah! sure, now, dear Katty, you will not
 forget,

By the lone willow brook—but I need not
 say where,

For I guess you'll remember, and sure to
 be there.

If perchance, as you know, love, there's
 many a slip—

At least so I've heard say—'twixt the eye
 and the lip,

Dear old grandam objects, in a very grave
 tone,

To young ladies wand'ring by moonlight
 alone;

Faith, I hope that her lecture, as usual,
 will close,

By the dear old soul falling into a sweet
 dose;

Then, I'm guessing, dear Katty, with step
 light as air,

You'll be taking French leave, and you'll
 surely be there.

I wish I was Married.

Tune.—The dashing young Page.

I wish I was married—I do on my word.

A dull single life is so very absurd,

Here piping and whining alone all the day,

For the want of a husband to pass time
 away.

I wish one would ask me to say yes or no,

I'd very soon settle the matter, heigho!

My mother pretends I'm too young for a

wife,

And says I shall rue all the days of my

life.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

Spoken.—How ridiculous she talks to be sure—I wonder if any one could have persuaded her to that? I should think not—but it's just like all mothers, they don't like us to enjoy ourselves while we may—so—

wish was married—I do on my word,
A dull single life is so very absurd,
Here pining and whining alone all the day,
For want of a husband to pass time away.

There's Timothy Scribble, the young lawyer's clerk,
Although he has kept all his vows in the dark,
He loves me, the brute, though he takes it quite cool,
Or else he's afraid to confess it, the fool.
If I was a man, 'gad, I'd show em what's what,
I'd tell them my mind, if I wouldn't, I'm shot—

Then why should I waste the best days of my life,
When I ought to be no more nor less than a wife?

Spoken.—Of course I ought, while I'm in my prime—if I don't go off now I shall be booked to die an old maid as safe as the Bank, I know I shall—so—

I wish, &c.

There's Sweetmeat, the grocer, just over the way,
Is sweet upon me, so it seems, for each day
He sends me nice raisins—but if he had sense,
He'd wed me at once, and save all that expense.

You'd think better never could melt in his mouth,
And he talks to me north, while he looks to the south,

Then, why should I lose the best days of my life?

I'm sure I should make him an excellent wife.

Spoken.—Oh, that I should, if he did but know it. The idea of a tradesman living single is preposterous—if he has a servant maid even to do for him it don't look well, besides, it's very dangerous for a single young man, especially if the girl's good-looking and forward—oh—

I wish, &c.

Now Pillbox, the doctor's a very nice man,
If he'd take my advice, it would be his best plan,

To marry at once, for between you and me,
Young doctors, of course, never single should be.

He couldn't do better, the silly young elf,
Than choose a respectable girl like myself.
For why should I waste the best days of my life?

I should make that young doctor a capital wife.

Spoken.—Indeed I should, though I say it myself—the bare thought of a doctor living a bachelor is abominable! Why, no gentleman with a handsome wife or daughter would patronize or recommend him, consequently he must starve like the apothecary in Romeo and Juliet, and have, as Shakespeare says, “A beggarly account of empty boxes.” But on the other hand, a wife would be the making of him, and there's none I could recommend so well as myself. I'd keep his bed warm while he was called out in the night—none of your artificial warming pans for me, so—

I wish, &c.

There's plenty of single young fellows about
But why they don't marry I cannot find out;
They flirt with a dozen, and make girls believe

They adore them, and then go and laugh in their sleeve.

If I had my will—oh, you unfeeling elves,
I'd make you get married in spite of yourselves.

Oh, let me not waste the best days of my life,
But take me at once and I'll make a good wife.

Spoken.—Most admirably I will, so that you should bless my very existence—kiss the ground I walk upon—in fact, your life would be a perfect heaven upon earth—you'd fancy I was Venus, and I'd imagine you Mars—our little progeny (if we had any) should be our cherubims and seraphims—we'd be an immortal mortal family of gods and goddesses surrounded in clouds, if it were only clouds of smoke from your *twopenny cheroot*.

So I wish, &c.

Fair is the Rose.

Fair is the Rose, yet fades with heat or cold
Sweet are the violets, yet none grow old;
The lily's white, yet in one day 'tis done,
White is the snow, yet melts against the sun
So white, so sweet, was my fair mistress's face,

Yet alter'd quite in one short hour's space;
So short-liv'd beauty a vain gloss doth borrow.

Breathing delight to-day, but none to-morrow.

The Bridal Day.

Written by Thomas Ramsay.

Air.—Before the Bells do ring.

The moon had climb'd the heavens, and
lighted up the grove,
And thus an ardent rustic youth express'd
his earnest love,

To-morrow is our wedding day, and time
is on the wing.

And I'll be home to claim my bride,
before the bells do ring.

Yes, I'll be, &c.

The morning came, the village friends
array'd her for the church,

The time past fast, no Harry came, ah!
he's left thee in the lurch,"

A busy village gossip cried, O! what a
shameful thing,

He promised he would claim his bride,
before the bells do ring.

Better late than never, the bridesmaids
cried, for see

Yonder's Harry with his friends, now
tripping o'er the lea;

A fresh cull'd posy in his hand, he to his
bride doth bring,

Crying, see I've come to claim my
bride, before the bells do ring.

Pure, and guileless innocence, had lighted
up the banns,

Affection, truth, and constancy, had
joined their hearts and hands,

The village maidens strew'd their path
with flow'rets of fresh spring,

And as they left the rustic church, the
wedding bells did ring.

**The Rule of Contrary, or it
takes Nine Men to make
a Tailor.**

Original—By E. Green.

I suppose you've all heard in our fore-
father's plan,

How nine full grown tailors but make one
real man!

Now against the assertion you'll find I'm
no railer,

While I prove it takes nine men to make
one real tailor.

As a Soldier he's famous for *handling the
steel,*

Talk of *basting the foe* why he *bastes* a
great deal;

And with nautical skill, tho' his *heavens* are
not stored,

As a Sailor he's seen *some warm pro-ving*
on board.

Now to touch on the Clergy, believe me,
I'm loth,

Yet who can deny that he's *one of the cloth,*
And while mending your old coats and
trousers by gole, he

Will show you at once that *his calling is*
hol(e)y.

As a Gardner he's well known the *cabbage*
for growing,

Still he hides the *main plant* its *small cut-*
tings while showing.

Then your debts he'll collect, nor let
scamps prove your ruin,

For he gets the best part of his living by
sewing.

As a shrewd Navigator he comes next in
force,

For still by the *needle he keeps on his course.*
As a Cook too, no doubt, he'll be found of
some use.

For he's had large experience at *roasting*
the goose.

He's a great Speculator in *lines* it appears,
For he seldom *cuts out* without *taking up*
shears.

As a Lover I'm surc too he gains some
repute,

For he's not at all backward in *pressing*
his suit.

So a Gardner and Parson you'll find if you
look,

A Lover, a Gambler, and likewise a Cook,
A shrewd Navigator a Soldier and Sailor,

With a sharp debt Collector the nine
makes a Tailor.

Mild as the Moonbeams.

Solo Arbaces. To death, mid burning sands
Arbaces flies,

Trio Oh heed my tears! O, listen to my sighs
Stay, Arbaces, stay.

Solo Arbaces To death I go; no, I cannot stay
Quartet. Mild as the moonbeams which
on fountains tremble,

And sad as nightingales that mourn
their young.

Afloat on the Ocean.

Afloat on the ocean my day gaily fly;
 No monarch on earth is more happy than I
 Like a bright, brilliant star my trim bark
 seems to me,
 As sparkling in glory, she skims o'er the
 sea.
 The wave is my kingdom, all bend to my
 will,
 And Fate seems ambitious my hopes to
 fulfil.

Tra la lala la, &c.

The sea was my birth-place, the morn
 was all bright,
 When from a proud galley I first saw the
 light;
 The land I first trod was the home of the
 vine;
 Hence, born on the sea, I doat on good
 wine;
 While I sail o'er the one, if the other be
 there,
 A fig for Dame Fortune, I'll laugh away
 care.

Tra la la la la, &c.

The Standard Bearer.

Upon the tented field a minstrel knight,
 Beside his standard, lonely watch is
 keeping.
 And thus, amid the stillness of the night,
 He strikes his lute, and sings while all
 are sleeping:
 "The lady of my love I will not name,
 Altho' I wear her colours as a token,
 But I will fight for liberty and fame,
 Beneath the flag where first our vows
 were spoken."

Beneath the flag, &c.

The night is past, the conflict comes with
 dawn,
 The minstrel knight is seen each foe
 defying;
 While death and carnage onward still are
 born,
 His song is heard 'mid thousands round
 him dying:
 The lady of my love I will not name,
 Altho' I wear her colours as a token,
 But I will fight for liberty and fame,
 Beneath the flag where first our vows
 were spoken.

Beneath the flag, &c.

Stern Death, now seated o' the gory
 plain;
 The life-blood from the warrior bard is
 streaming;
 Still on his flag he rests his head with pain,
 And faintly sings, his eye with fervour
 beaming:
 "The lady of my love I will not name,
 I still preserve her colours as a token;
 I fought and fell, for liberty and fame,
 And never has my knightly vow been
 broken."
 And never has, &c.

Jim Baggs, the Musician.

Written by John Labera.

Tune.—Drops of Brandy.

I'm a musical genius in rags—
 I beats the great music chaps hollow;
 My natural name is Jim Baggs,
 But they call me the Modern Hoppollo.
 I takes all the noba by surprise,
 With my clarinet instrumentation—
 On the continent—lor' bless your eyes!—
 I've created a stunning sensation.
 I'm a musical genius in rags—
 I plays in an out-an-out manner—
 No gammon in me—I'm Jim Baggs,
 And I never stirs under a tanner!
 I commands a respectable mob,
 With hexstasy I makes 'em tremble—
 You should hear me play 'Solemon Lob,'
 'Vot's sung by Miss 'Addlagg Kemble.
 I'm known from the East to the South—
 They can't get such notes from another;
 I can play hairs vun side of my mouth,
 And hovertures, too, on the t'other.

Sometimes when I'm out on my beat,
 My strains overcome their resistance—
 I'm paid to go in the next street,
 'Cos my music sounds best at a distance.
 I vunce soften'd a hoverseer's heart—
 And that was a job far from silly—
 He into the vorkhouse did dart,
 And served out double jerums of skilly.
 All London I daily explore,
 And strike up a hair very aloyer,
 Where the roads are all kiver'd with straw,
 And the knockers are tied up in leather.

The flunkies all arer, me stalk,
If they don't wish their master's a croaker,
And as my purrlicety to walk,
So I does—when they forks out the oter.

In the flats I vance play'd a fair,
At the Hopperer House 'twas decided—
But they was the greatest flats there,
Cos they thought lesser of it than I did,
I never plays common-place hairs,
But into the classical dashes—
Such as Balfe's famous, 'Gettin' up stairs,'
And the Cat's march out of the ashes.

Some folks wouldn't out me so short,
Nor see me go through half sich trials,
If they had an idea I'd been taught
By Signior Bill Smith or the Dial,
I don't know what ails 'em, by goles!
They're a parcel of shabby garushers—
No music they've got in their souls,
Excepting the soles of their Blutchers.

T'other night, down in vun of the squares,
(And precious ungrateful I took it!)
Arter playing them five or six hairs,
They chuck'd thrums out, and told me
to hook it!

I begun rather rusty to kick,
To be treated in that kind of manner,
So I stuck to the house like a brick,
'Till the family made up the tanner!

Then patronize old Jemmy Baggs—
My toggerary arn't wery splendid,
But talent's found often in rags—
(If they're coppers, I shan't feel offended),
When I'm dead I knows how it'll be,
You'll be sorry you sarv'd me so shabby,
You'll all go in mourning for me,
Yes, and lay me in Vestminster Habbey.

I should like to Marry.

A Popular Parody, written by John Lubern.

Oh, I should like to marry—
That is, if I could find

A rich old lady
Wot's ugly, lame, and blind,
f she togg'd herself out dashing,
To make herself look gay,
She'd not look very splashing,
So ne fear she'd run away.

Oh, I should like to marry
Quite grey upon her nob;
I should like her, too, to wear
A cap they call a mob,
I'd rayther have her short,
With a mug all sour and surly,
And, to finish her, she ought
To have a nose that's curly.
he must keep a nobby dwelling,
With scores of flunkies near,
While I about am swelling,
With her thousand pounds a-year.
She musn't wish to have
The fingering of the tin—
Though I wen't be angry with her,
If she kill'd herself with gin!
I'm sure she'll never grumble
With advantages like these—
And I'd most forget to mention
I must whack her when I please,
Now isn't this good natur'd?
And ain't I just the pal,
With qualities so striking,
To suit some rich old gal?

Charming May.

Music published by Jeffreys and Co., Soho Square

Oh, charming May, oh, charming May;
Fresh, fair, fair, and gay,
That com'st from thy bow'rs
Mid perfume and flowers,
Charming, charming, charming May!
Thou art spring with its wint'ry days gone
by,
And summer without its scorching sky;
The sun may be bright, the storm may be
free,
But the tranquil beauty of May for me.

Oh, charming May, &c.

Oh, charming May, oh, charming May
Fresh, fair, fair, and gay,
That com'st from thy bow'rs
'Mid perfume and flowers,
Charming, charming, charming May!
There is gladness and joy in thy genial
face,
Fit emblem of innocence, freshness, and
grace!

There is peaceful delight, to me ever dear,
In charming May, the green month of the
year.

Oh! charming May, &c.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

AS SOON AS HIS WILD OATS WERE SOWN.

The sun of affluence gaily smiled,
Young Robert felt its influence bright;
In dissipation's round he whil'd,
Nor ever thought it would be night.
All sought his notice, he was rich—
And e'en the sagest sire would own,
That Bob would make a worthy man—
As soon as his wild oats were sown.

No maidens yet had Robert loved,
Tho' sought with many a winning grace;
At length fair Bell the victor proved,
He doated on her lovely face.
Tho' Bob was gay he yet was true,
And blushing Bell with smiles would own,
A steady husband he would make—
As soon as his wild oats were sown.

Yet still a thoughtless life he led,
His wealth soon squandered, well-a-day;
Faithless Bell another did wed,
And friends with riches fled away.
He saw his folly when too late,
The sequel sad to all is known,
For soon beneath the green grass turf—
Alas, poor Bob's wild oats were sown.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

When a bumper is ordered it's vexing no doubt,
To find if you'd fill that the wine is all out;
It's also an equally unpleasant thing—
To be asked for a song when you've nothing to sing.

I might try an old one if an old one will do?
But the world is still craving for something that's new;

And what to select for the words, or the tune,
I don't know no more than the man in the moon.
Yet the man in the moon a new light on me throws,

That's a man we all speak of yet nobody knows;
And as a high subject, I'm getting in tune,
We'll just take a turn at the man in the moon.

Now the man in the moon he leads a gay life,
With non about him not even a wife;
No friend to console him, no children to kiss,
No chance of joining a meeting like this.
He changes his lodgings each quarter unpleasant.
Living first in a circus then in a crescent.
If he pays for these quarters, so fast going by,
I should say he's rented uncommonly high;
But he's used to high life as all circles agree,
None move in such an high circle as he—
And tho' nobles go up in a royal baloon,
They can't get introduced to the man in the moon.

Now they say that all madman are moonstruck
we'll find,
And the man in the moon may be out of his mind,
But it can't be through love for tis pretty well
known—

There's no girls there to meet him by moonlight
alone.

It can't be ambition for rivals he has none,
At least he is only eclipsed by the sun;

His prospects are clouded, very often he sees,
But the man in the moon can make light of all
these;
But in drinking, I fear, he some may surpass,
For he always looks best when seen in the dark;
And though you may smoke from morning till
noon,
You can't blow a cloud like the man in the moon.

He's a mighty sad rake and don't rise till it's dark,
When the night it sets in, he sets out for a lark;
Goes moonaying about and sings out to the
spheres—

We went go home till morning till daylight
appears.

He watches the stars that go shooting up there,
And lets loose the dog star to bait the Polar Bear.
At the Milky way stops for a minute or two,
Gets some milk but won't pay 'cause he says it's
sky blue.

But the daylight soon takes the shine out of him
quite,

He goes home and gets into bed by sunlight—
And though you may think him a regular spoon,
You'll be plagued to get over the man in the moon

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

The Words by L. M. Thornton. Music by
Wrighton.

London: Cocks and Co., New Burlington-
street.

What a wonderful man the Postman is,
As he hastens from door to door;
What a medley of news his hands contain,
For high, low, rich, and poor.

In many a face he joy can trace,
In as many he grief can see,
As the door is open'd to his loud rat tat,
And his quick delivery.

Every morn, as true as the clock,
Somebody hears the Postman's Knock.

No. 1 he presents with the news of a birth,
With tidings of death No. 4;
At 13, a bill of a terrible length
He drops through the hole in the door.
A cheque or an order at 15 he leaves,
And 16 his presence doth prove;
While 17 does an acknowledgement get,
And 18 a letter of love.

Every morn, as true as the clock,
Somebody hears the Postman's Knock.

May his visits be frequent to those who ex-
pect

A line from the friends they hold dear,
But rarely we hope that compell'd he will be
Disastrous tidings to bear.

Fer, far be the day when the envelope shows
The dark border shading it o'er.

Then long life to her Majesty's servant we
say,

And oft may he knock at the door;
Every morn, as true as the clock,
Somebody hears the Postman's Knock.

**JOHN BROWN, OR A PLAIN
MAN'S PHILOSOPHY.**

Music published in the Musical Bouquet, Price Sixpence.

I've a guinea I can spend,
I've a wife, and I've a friend,
And a troupe of little children at my knee,
John Brown,

I've a cottage of my own,
With the ivy overgrown,
And a garden with a view of the sea
John Brown,

I can sit at my door,
By my shady sycamore,
Large of heart, though of very small estate,
John Brown,

So come and drain a glass,
In my labour as you pass,
And I'll tell you what I love and what I hate,
John Brown,

I love the song of birds,
And the children's early words,
And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet,
John Brown

And I hate a false pretence,
And the want of common sense,
And arrogance, and fawning, and deceit,
John Brown;

I love the meadow flow'rs,
And the briar in the bow'rs,
And I love an open face without guile,
John Brown;

And I hate a selfish knave,
And a proud contented slave,
And a lout who'd rather borrow than he'd toil,
John Brown

I love a simple song,
That awakes emotions strong,
And the word of hope that raises him who faints,
John Brown;

And I hate the constant whine
Of the foolish who repine,
And turn their good to evil by complaints,
John Brown;

But even when I hate,
If I seek my garden gate,
And survey the world around me and above,
John Brown.

The hatred flies my mind,
And I sigh for human kind,
And excuse the faults of those I cannot love,
John Brown'

So if you like my ways,
And the comfort of my days,
I can tell you how I live so unweary'd,
John Brown,

I never scorn my health,
Nor sell my soul for wealth,
Nor destroy one day the pleasures of the next
John Brown.

I've parted with my pride,
And I take the sunny side,
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad,
John Brown.

I keep my conscience clear,
I've a hundred pounds a year,
And I manage to exist and to be glad,
John Brown.

OLD DOG TRAY

Published in the Musical Bouquet.

The morn of life is past,
And evening comes at last,
It brings a dream of a once happy day.
Of merry forms I've seen
Upon the village green,
Sporting with my old dog Tray.
Old dog Tray is ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away,
He is gentle, he is kind,
I'll never, never find
A better friend than old dog Tray.

The forms I call'd my own,
Have vanished one by one,
The lov'd ones, the dear ones have all pass'd
away,

Their happy smiles are flown,
Their gentle voices gone,
I've nothing left but old dog Tray.
Old dog Tray is ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away,
He is gentle he is kind,
I'll never, never find,
A better friend than old dog Tray.

When thoughts recall the past,
His eyes are on me cast,
I know that he feels what my breaking heart
would say,

Although he cannot speak,
I'll vainly, vainly seek
A better friend than old dog Tray.
Old dog Tray's ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away,
He is gentle, he is kind,
I'll never, never find
A better friend than old dog Tray.

THE SWEET LITTLE CREATURE

Air—Savourneen Deelish.

Oh, well I remember that sweet little creature,
That lives in the cot at the foot of the hill,
Whose smiles and good humour adorn every fea-
ture,

And close by her cot runs a murmuring rill.
Her cot is adorned with sweet woodbines and
roses, [closes,
Her mouth, when she speaks, such perfection dis-
Her breath too surpasses the sweetness of poses—
I'd give all the world could I once call her mine

I met her last night, when my heart nigh forsook
me,

She blushed like the rose, as I took her hand,
And sweetly exclaimed—Sir, I think you've mis-
took me,

Or if not, your meaning I don't understand.
Believe me, said I, love, I do not mistake thee,
You alone have my heart, and if ne'er shall forsake
thee,

And all for the honour of calling thee mine.
She quickly replied, I've a father and mother,
Whose age now demand my tenderest care,
They look up to me—I've no sister or brother,
To help me provide them their day's humble
fare.

But if you are sincere sir, in what you've repeated,
Oh, come to my parents, oh, you'll kindly be
treated, [pleted,
And with their consent, when my duty's com-
The heart I possess I'll repay with my hand.

SWEARING DEATH.

Glee.—Music at all music publishers.

Swearing death to traitor slave,
 Hands we clench and swords we draw,
 Heaven defend the true and brave,
 Vive Le Roi, Vive Le Roi.
 Heaven defend the true and brave,
 Vive Le Roi, Vive Le Roi.
 Hearts and hands with all conspire,
 Rebels threats we'll overawe,
 Till life's last thro' expires,
 Vive Le Roi, Vive Le Roi, &c.

THE COT WHERE I WAS BORN

I've roamed beneath a foreign sky,
 Where beautiful flowers grew,
 Where all was lovely to the eye,
 And dazzling to the view.
 I've seen them graced by night's pale tear,
 Bedecked by radiant morn':
 But never found a spot so dear
 As the cot where I was born.
 Can wealth or titles compensate
 The want of friendship's glow?
 Can gaudy pageants, earthly state,
 So bright a gem bestow?
 To me such joys are cold indeed,
 They hold the heart forlorn:
 Give me the spot I love so dear,
 The cot where I was born.

WHEN I MET THEE FIRST IN LOVE.

Music published by Wessel.

When I met thee first in May,
 From my dreams will ne'er depart,
 For the germ of love that day,
 Had been planted in my heart;
 A bud was in the bower,
 Where we heard the throstle sing,
 And my love was like that flower,
 When first we met in spring.

When next again we met,
 It was summer's glowing prime,
 And my love grown stronger yet,
 Took its ardours from the time;
 There was fruit upon the bough,
 As we watched the sun decline,
 And I thought the fruit was now,
 Like that ripened love of mine.

Robed in autumn's mellow suit,
 Did we next that bower see,
 And the blossom, and the fruit,
 Had been gathered from the tree;
 And I said my love alone,
 Would in winter ne'er decay,
 So I won thee for mine own,
 As the bride I wooed in May.

THE ANGELS OF THE HOUSE

'Tis said that ever round our path
 The unseen angels stray,

That give us blissful dreams by night,
 And guard our steps by day.
 But there's an angel in the house,
 Meek, watchful, and sincere,
 That whispers words of hope to us
 When none beside are near;
 It is the one, the chosen one,
 That's linked to us for life,
 The angel of the happy home,
 The faithful, trusting wife.

'Tis said that angels walk the earth,
 I'm sure it must be so,
 When round our path, scarce seen by us,
 Such bright things come and go.
 Are there not beings by our side,
 As fair as angels are,
 As pure, as stainless, as the forms
 That dwell beyond the star?
 Yes, there are angels of the earth,
 Pure, innocent, and mild,
 The angels of our hearts and homes,
 Each loved and loving child.

OH! AND HE LOVED ME DEARLY

From Miss P. Horton's Entertainment.

There was a young man came a courting of me—
 Singing, "Oh! my dear, and I love you dearly"
 The nicest young man as ever I did see,
 Singing "Oh! and I love you dearly!"
 He was so tall and he was so smart,
 When he asked I to marry him it made I start,
 And his words went right clean through my heart
 Singing "Oh! and I love you dearly!"

Says he, "I must manage to find two pound ten,
 Singing, "Oh! my dear, and I love you dearly!
 And as soon as I get it, we'll be married then:
 For it's oh! and I love you dearly!"
 'Tis to pay clerk and parson and the ring to buy."
 "I've got the money in the saving-bank myself,"
 said I:
 "Will you lend it me?" "Of course I will," was my
 reply,
 "For its oh! and I love you dearly!"

When five golden sovereigns to him I lent—
 Singing, "Oh! my dear, and I love you dearly!
 And he showed I the ring, and I felt quite content—
 Singing, Oh! and I love you dearly!
 "I'll be off to the parson, at once, says he:
 So he did, and got married, but it war nt to me;
 And my money nor my lover never more did I see,
 And its oh: that he loved me dearly!"

MORAL.

Now all you young women take a warning of me
 When they say "My dear, oh! I love you dearly!
 Never lend chaps your money as I did to he—
 Singing, "Oh! and I love you dearly!"
 If they cant find the money to buy the rings,
 Who's to pay for the victuals and such like things,
 For its often for your money, that a fellow sings
 That its "Oh! but I love you dearly!"

A DREAM OF THE TIMES.

Sung by Mr. G. Ford. J. A. Hardwick.

Air.—Adam and Eve.

I'd been one night to see the wizard,
And after supped on kidneys and gigard,
At Hungerford Hall and the Cyder Cellars,
With a party of social jovial fellows.
Now, whether it was the night o'er foggy,
Or the supper, I'm sure I wasn't foggy;
But, arrived at home, there passed before me
A curious vision I'll lay before ye.

CHORUS.

Listen, and you'll find my theme, sirs,
A domestic and political dream, sirs.

I dreamt that Parliament had assembled,
And a beer-garden the place resembled,
Lord John, as a 'Spirit-rapping medium,'
Was calling up ghosts from a phantom region.
The spirits underneath the table
Made the house a regular Tower of Babel;
Till the ghosts of many a dead peace seker,
Doused the lights and bonnetted the speaker.

Away rushed minister and reporters,
Hurrying scurrying from all quarters;
While the spirits inside played up old Harry,
And threatened to smash the work of Barry.
Lord Melbourne, Wellington, Peel, and Canning,
Were a coalition cabinet planning,
Then sung comic songs, those buried staid men,
With a grave chorus of 'Down among the Dead Men.'

I dreamt the next Lord Mayor was Moses,
And all the Aldermen had hooked noses;
Mr. Sheriff Levy had become Chief Baron,
And wore six swapped out hats his hair on.
Lots of Jewish M.P.'s calling 'old clo,' were,
In the day, till the House met, down to go there,
And the Hebrew Lord Chancellor, with penicils,
In his court was bawling out, 'Who'll give me
a seat?'

I saw Cruikshank and J. B. Gough, in
A dreadful state, hot brandy quaffing,
Where King Cliequot who lately ceased to reign,
had

Taken the Giant's Stores in Drury Lane had,
They went out on a Temperance Mission,
And the two were in such a condition,
That both, their latch-keys, unable to stand, sir,
Were poking at the pillar post in the Strand, sir.

I dreamt at a show of Model Babbies,
The mothers were fighting just like tabbies,
About the prizes being distributed,
And I hope another wasn't exhibited.
I saw the men of sophistications,
Made to live on their own adulterations;
And I saw Temple Bars removal planned, sirs,
To admit Balloon dresses into the Strand, sir.

I dreamt the Russians were sacking London,
And our merchant princes were all undown!
Bright, Cobden, and the whole peace party,
Were welcoming the Czar quite hearty.
Felt so wild with each deceiver,
That I seized Bright's quaker broadbrim beaver,
And was lugging him off amidst derision,
When I woke, and lo!—'twas a nightmare's
vision.

So up, with perspiration steaming,
I started from my political dreaming.

**THE DREAM OF JEREMY
DIDDLER.**

New Comic Political Song. Hardwick. Sung by
Mr. G. Ford.

Air.—Dream of Dædalus.

I'm all in a flutter, and scarcely can utter,
The words to my tongue that come dancing
come dancing,
For I've had such a dream that it really would
seem,
To incredulous ears like romancing, romancing.
No doubt it was brought on by sherry and port on
The tables, that got in our noddles, our noddles,
I saw in a slumber, a very great number
Of people we think are all models, all models.

I thought I saw Prince Ali, at our National Gal.,
Walking off on the sly with the pictures, the
pictures;
And the pepperbox sold, by the Auctioneer bold,
To the Jews, with the statues and fixtures, and
fixtures,
Then the ghost of old Vernon the gas there did
turn on.
His legacy of paintings to find 'em to find 'em,
And he yelled with despair, when he found they
had there
To the darkest of Cellars consigned, 'em con-
signed 'em.

I dreamt that the shindy in burning hot Indy,
Was quelled by East India Directors, Directors
And our brave British boys, all the murdering
Seyes.

Had sent to the devil death spectres, death
spectres,
I saw that their careers, none still asked arder,
But Parliament cried out—All gammon, all
gammon,
How'er you may fret it, don't you wish you may
get it,
You sold us thro' lust of base mammon, vile
mammon.

Next I thought the Iron Duke with a terrible look
Jumped down off the arch and went striding
went striding;

Up to the house guards, and soon squatted their
yards,
When Needle he gave a fierce chiding, fierce
chiding,
And General Napier, too, he did draw near to,
And shook his fist at him, quite scaring, quite
scaring,
And said Oh you buffers, you military duffers,
Of this I gave you timely warning, good warn-
ing.

I imagined Charles Kean, up a penny machine,
At a country fair lastly was swinging, was
swinging,
And Lord Pam and Russell displaying their
muscles
At three sticks a penny, were flinging, were
flinging,
But the fun of the fair, and the best I saw there,
Was Cobden and Bright, loudly screeching,
loud screeching.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

As two fighting men, in a pugilistic den,
The science of self defence teaching, both
teaching.

I dreamt the Lord Mayor, a blow out of good
fare,

For all the shoeblacks had provided, provided,
And as well as the Brigade, the others might
trade,

And with them street custom divided divided.
And retired Lord Robert, Grosvenor there did
bob at,

The boys and spoke honied words thrilling, so
thrilling,
And a new suit of clothes, he ordered for those,
Who had none, and gave each lad a shilling, a
shilling,

I dreamt Emperor Nap. with an acrobat chap,
Was Leicester-square twirling a pole in, pole in
And to get 'em a pot, as they seemed rather hot,
The tin gave Mazziui and Rollin, and Rollin,
Then Coxwell's balloon, I saw go to the moon,
With a lot of Atlantic huge cable, huge cable,
And all news from there instead of down here
To telegraph now they'll be able quite able

I dreamt from foul waters rose Ratcatchers
All eager a fellow to towel to towel, [daughter
For disturbing the dead where so long had they
And haunted the sleep of Sam Cowell (laid,
Then Julian and Hullah as two men of colour
Were fiddling to Queen Pomare Pomare
And Barnum had brought a whistling tortoise
A novelty from the South sea the South sea.

I saw noble fellows were all of them jealous
To go out to India to free it to free it
As of each slaughtered child they thought their
blood boiled
And very glad I was to see it to see it
I could mention a ream more I saw in my dream
But fear you might fancy it gammon all gammon
I'd been dining out so I have, not a doubt
It was the effects of the salmon the salmon

TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

An Original Comic Song, Sung by Mr. G. Ford.
J. A. Hardwick.

"Air:—Sprig of Shilalagh"

A middle-aged gentleman, one Mr. Green,
Who the best half of his life in India had been
Had come home still a bachelor billious and rich
He was deepy imbued with Hindoo superstitions,
Pythagorean doctrines of human transitions,
Had great faith in ghosts, witches, seers, goblins
and ghouls,

And believed in the Transmigration of souls.
Which belief he maintained to a rather high
pitch.

To insects and vermin he never gave pain,
In his house; he imagined these things might
contain.

The souls of his former departed old friends
Twas not very flattering to them, but still,
He allowed his domestics no creature to kill,
The consequence was, that the mice multiplied,
And brought up large families there till they died,
So did Hoppers, that oft times on slumber
attends,

Huge spiders span webs but he suffered no
broom broom

To sweep down the cobwebs surrounding his
room.
For he thought they might once have been Legal
Big-wigs, (they were,

He watched them and thought how like lawyers
Industriously catching poor flies in a snare.
That in some former state, they'd been limbs of
the Law,

And felt morally certain each cobweb he saw.
Was a small Court of Chancery, to play up
their rigs.

In summer the flies thro' his window did stream
Stuck into his butter, and fell in his cream.
But he helped them along with a feather to
swim (say,

When fly-papers were mentioned he'd instantly
What, destroy them? how do I know who are
they?

For instance, that bluebottle buzzing up there,
Might be my rich uncle who made me his heir,
It's not very likely I'm going to squash
him.

To the anger of Betty, he encouraged the cats,
Enticing them in with a small dish of sprats,
And said, when she run out to them with a
stick

You see that grey whiskered big tabby so staid,
She might, perhaps have been once, some crusty
old maid;

And those other two rowing in the back yards,
May be two old Dowagers quarrelling at cards,
And tho' changed, still disputing about the odd
trick.

When urged to get rid of the troublesome
mice.

He'd say no, he would not adopt such advice,
They might have been starved curates, once
upon earth, (duce,

His maid Betty, wished him and them at the
And trapped them but Mr. Green soon let them
And sternly said to her while letting one go (loose
That might be your grandmother, 'girl how do
know;

We die, and in other forms, have a new birth.

Mr. Green being such an eccentric man,
And his mania well known, twas the little boys
plan (him;

To bring all the blind puppies, and kittens to
He saved them from drowning and fattened them
up, (pup

For, says he, who can tell if some kitten or
May not be a dead cousin, or uncle or aunt,
Transformed for their sins, and destroy them I
shant, (grim

Even souls of great men may inhabit things

At last his menagerie got such a pest,
No servant would stay, and he got no night rest,
His animal family increased to such shoals,

Dogs bit him, cats scratched spiders spun to his
nose,

Blackbeetles ran o'er him, rats nibbled his toes.
So he turned them adrift, and abandoned the
place (trace,

Got married and now, in his mind there's no
Of belief in the Transmigration Transmigration
Of belief in the transmigration &c.